JOSIP ZENČIĆ

TENANTS OF THE LONG SUNDAY

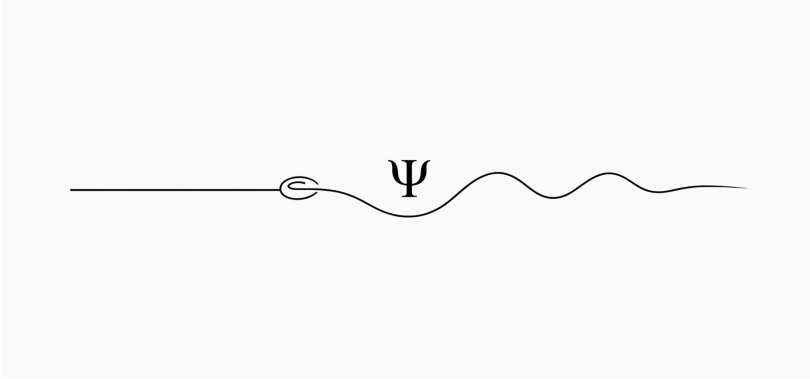
From Moisture to Eternity

A universe is not born. It dries.

Josip Zenčić

TENANTS OF THE LONG SUNDAY

From Moisture to Eternity:
A New Vision of the Cosmos



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To my parents, who laid the first threads of my world.

To my wife, who had the patience while I searched for answers in the silence.

And to my son—may you always run bravely across the moist fields of possibility. Let this work be a reminder that the universe's most beautiful secrets are sometimes hidden on an ordinary carpet; you only need to know how to see them.

Preface: A Seed from Makarska

This book was not born in a sterile laboratory or behind a university lectern. It came to life in an ordinary room in Makarska, in a moment of silence. As I watched an ink stain spread and fix itself into the fibers of a carpet, I realized I might not just be looking at a mess on the floor, but at a miniature model of the universe.

I am not a physicist by profession. My starting points were not academic chairs, but curiosity and a search for logic where the data did not align. For a long time, I worked in silence on numerical models, trying to grasp what science calls the 'Hubble tension.' But that night, as the stain was drying, I saw a solution that the numbers alone could not speak.

This book is an attempt to interpret the mathematics of my work—which you will find in the appendix—through a language we all understand: the language of changing matter, of moisture evaporating, and of time fixing our reality. This is not an attack on official physics, but an invitation to look at the same picture through a different lens. Sometimes, to see the cosmos, you just need to stop looking at the stars and for a moment look at the carpet beneath your feet.

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Table: Language of Ink and Language of the Universe

The Living Room Metaphor	**Physical Equivalent – The Ψ (Psi) Model**	**What does it actually mean?**
Ink	Scalar field Ψ	The fundamental substance permeating the universe.
Moisture	Field dynamics level	The degree to which the universe is still "malleable" or "fluid."
Drying	Stabilization of the Ψ field	he process in which energy "settles" and manifests as matter.
Carpet	Space-time	The foundation upon which the history of all existence unfolds.

Fabric Stiffness	Effective Gravity (*Geff*)	The strength with which the universe holds things together; it increases as the universe "dries."
Evaporation	Energy evolution	The way the cosmos transitions from a chaotic to an ordered state.
Long Sunday	Late-stage Universe	The era we live in—peaceful, slow, and almost dry.

Part I
THE VISION
(THE CARPET AND THE INK)

A Wet Stain on a Dry Weave

For a long time, I believed—because I was taught so—that space is merely an empty stage. They told me it was a "nothing," a transparent box in which the only things that mattered moved: particles, stars, us. They said this "nothing" could be curved, as if emptiness had a spine, but it never sounded right to me. How can "nothing" be curved?

For years, my thoughts were like a cocktail forgotten on a bar counter. In the beginning, it was all chaos—a blurry mixture of colors and flavors, elusive waves of uncertainty. But as I observed the world, the ingredients began to settle. The heavy thoughts sank to the bottom, and the picture cleared.

And then, that moment happened. Quite ordinary, in the silence of my room.

I looked at the carpet. Upon its coarse, steady texture, ink had fallen. While it was wet, the stain was a rebel. It recognized no

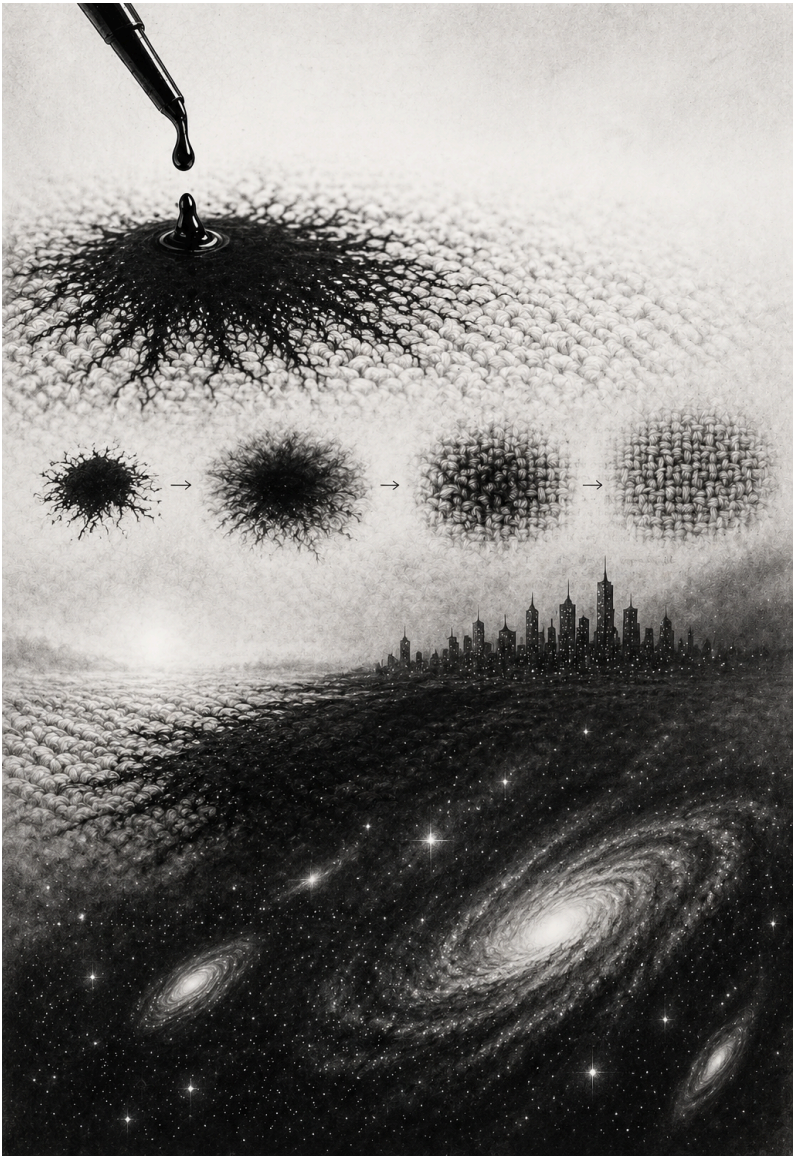
boundaries of the wool; it expanded, it breathed, it changed the color of every thread it penetrated. It was alive, dynamic, unpredictable. It seemed to expand because it carried within itself an excess of life, an internal tension that forced the carpet fibers to accept it. I don't know why (I suppose I was actively "racking my brain" about space that day and the ink just happened to be there), but that expansion didn't seem like movement *through* space—it felt like the *creation* of space. Every millimeter of new blackness on the wool was a new piece of reality being born, wet and uncertain.

It was an image of a young universe—an era in which space was not empty, but soaked with something that gave it character.

But ink dries. That is an inexorable law.

The more time passed, the more motionless the stain became. What was once wild change became fixed history. The ink merged with the weave. It became part of the carpet. You could no longer separate the two; they became one body.

Then it hit me: We are that ink. Our galaxies, our bodies, our cities are merely the fixed traces of something that was once wet and free. We are the tenants of this one long Sunday in which the background is slowly drying. We are convinced that we are growing and moving, while in reality, we are simply becoming part of the fabric itself.



The Architecture of the Stain and the Cosmic Sediment

If we accept that the universe began as a "wet" stain, we must ask ourselves: what exactly was that moisture made of?

Science calls these fields. I call it potential.

Imagine that cocktail on the bar counter from the beginning of the story. While it is fresh, it is a single, opaque whole. You cannot tell where the gin ends and the tonic or syrup begins. Everything is in a state of high energy and complete mixture. But as soon as you leave it alone, time begins to do its work. Gravity, that invisible hand, starts pulling the heavier particles toward the bottom. Layers separate. What was "one" becomes "many."

In physics, this process of sedimentation is what created the world we know. While our cosmic stain was wet, the laws were not fixed. Gravity was not the same as it is today. It was... undecided. My research suggests that in that early era, while the "ink" was still spreading, the gravitational force was only just emerging. It was stronger where the stain was less moist.

This is what confuses modern astronomers. When they look into the farthest corners of the universe, they are actually looking into its past—into a time when the carpet was still soaked with that

primordial, dynamic field. And there they see that the universe expanded faster, more violently, as if space were more pliable. Yet, when they measure the speed here, in our "dry" neighborhood, the numbers do not align. This discrepancy, which science calls the "H-tension," is actually just a testament to the state of moisture. Astronomers are trying to apply the rules of dry fabric to a wet stain, and they wonder why their calculations do not add up.

Why does the universe dry at all? It is not a journey toward perfect order, but a path toward inexorable fixation. Imagine that settling cocktail. Energy that was free and "liquid" slowly binds itself, loses its power to change, and becomes matter—stars, planets, bones, and stone. Every new galaxy that forms is actually a new part of the stain that has stopped breathing and has "latched" onto the wool of the carpet.

We are not the pinnacle of order; we are what remains when the cosmic moisture recedes. Our permanence is merely proof that the freedom of movement has been replaced by the rigidity of matter. We are the evidence that Sunday is drawing to a close, and the background is becoming stiff and silent.

A Clock on a Wet Wall

If you ask me (and believe me, that happens quite rarely), there is one great misconception about time. Intuitively, we think of it as a universal judge, a ruler that measures seconds equally in empty space and in the heart of a star. But if space is not an empty box, then time cannot be independent of the state in which that space exists.

Let us return to that stain on the carpet.

While the ink was wet and aggressively spreading, its "time" was a time of change. Every fraction of a second meant a newly conquered millimeter of weave, a new chemical reaction, a new texture. In that early, "moist" universe, time was dense and charged with possibility. Gravity danced with our scalar field, and that dance dictated the rhythm of all existence.

But as the ink dries, the rhythm changes.

The drier the background becomes, the less room there is for variation. Time in a "dry" universe—this era of ours that we call modern—has become linear, predictable, and, in a way, weary. Today, we measure time with instruments that are themselves part of that dry sediment. Our clocks are made of atoms that fixed themselves to the wool of the carpet long ago. This is why it seems to us that time has always been the same.

However, my research (the kind that forced me to rack my brain in that room) suggests otherwise. If we look toward the depths, toward those "moist" zones of early history, we see that the Hubble parameter—the rate at which the universe expands—was different. This is not just a question of speed; it is a question of the universe's heartbeat.

The cosmic Sunday I speak of is actually the slowing of that heartbeat. We were born in the afternoon hours, when the most intense drying had already passed. We live in an illusion of constancy because the process has become too slow for our brief lives. But deep in the foundations, the moisture is still slowly evaporating. And with every evaporated atom of that field, space becomes a little harder, and time a slightly quieter echo of what it once was.

Tenants of the Long Sunday

If the background is a cosmic carpet, and what we spilled upon it is a violent, wet ink—then who are we in this story?

I often think about why we appeared precisely now. Had we emerged earlier, in that era we spoke of, there likely would have been no one to observe us. In a world where gravity was still finding its footing, where space was expanding wildly and the ink was just beginning to penetrate the wool, life as we know it would have been impossible. It was too noisy, too moist, too unstable.

We are the children of stability. We appeared at the moment when the drying process entered its calm, slow phase.

This is why I call us the tenants of the long Sunday. Sunday is the day when everything slows down. It is that feeling of a late afternoon when the sun hangs low, the air grows heavy, and we feel as though the moment might last forever. In that peace, we developed our senses, built our cities, and began to measure the stars. And therein lies our greatest misconception.

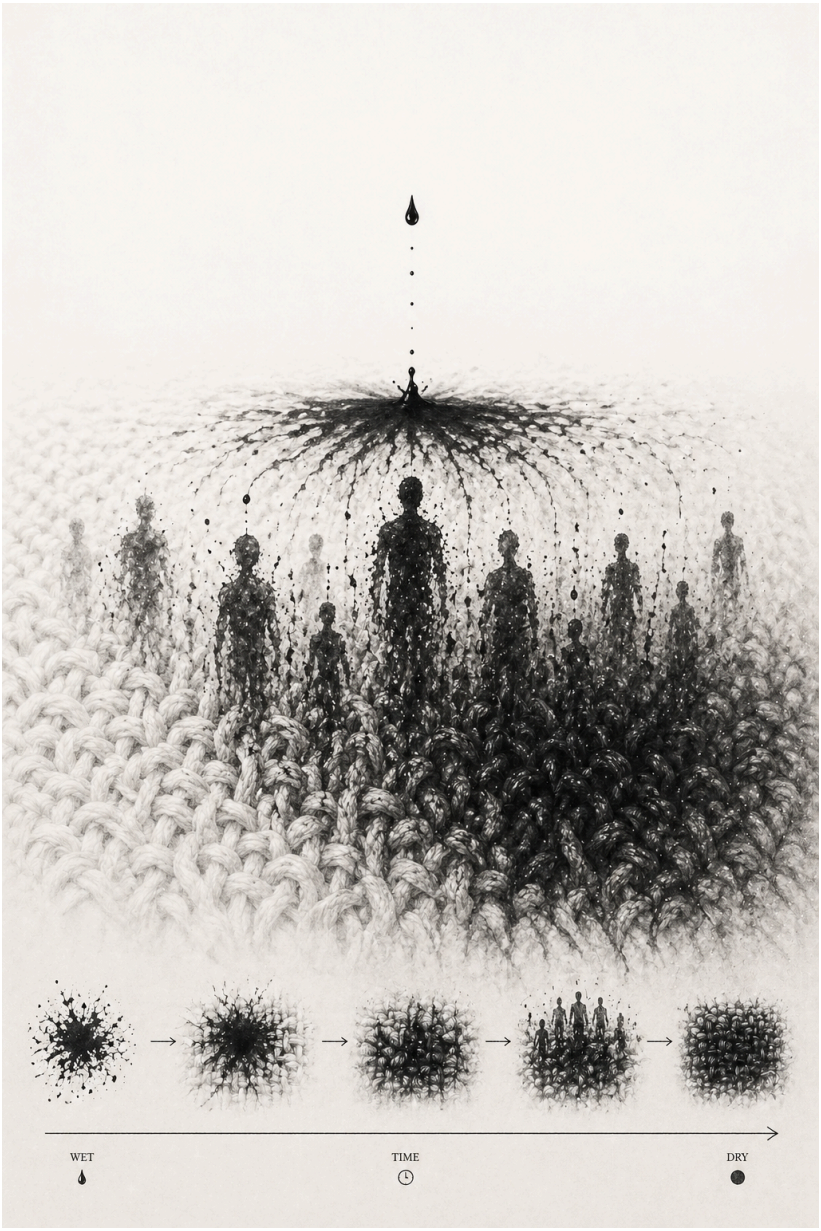
We must be precise: space does not change on its own. It is merely a silent host, a coarse weave that waited for its content. What was drying was that energy—that ink we named the scalar field. But the moment the ink began to lose its moisture and evaporate, it "locked" the fibers of the carpet along with it. It no longer left them

free to dance; it transformed them into a rigid, almost motionless image that we today call our reality.

We do not grow "within" space. We become fixed to it. Every atom of ours, every chemical bond in our bodies, is actually the result of the ink around us solidifying and binding the woolen threads into the knots we call matter. The drier the ink becomes, the more tightly we are bound to the fabric.

Our "progress" is, in fact, the process of becoming part of the very matter of the universe. We are not guests walking across the carpet; we are the wool taking on the color of the ink and becoming stationary.

This realization is both terrifying and liberating. Terrifying, because it suggests that our freedom of movement is merely an illusion in a world that is slowly ceasing to be wet and alive. Liberating, because it means that we are, in the most literal sense, one with the background. There is no gap between us and the universe. We are that same stain that was once a rebel, and is now becoming an eternal, dry trace upon the weave.


WET
TIME
DRY

Twilight and the Silence of the Fabric

Everything that dries must one day dry completely. This is the inexorable fate of every stain, every cocktail, and—if my equations are correct—the universe itself.

I am often asked what this means for us. If we are the tenants of Sunday, what happens when Sunday passes? When that last atom of moisture, that last trace of rebellious ink, finally merges with the wool of the carpet and becomes motionless?

Science often speaks of the "heat death" of the universe—a dark, cold, and empty place where nothing happens anymore. But in my vision, that end is not merely coldness. It is the final fixation.

Imagine the moment when the stain on your carpet is entirely dry. You can no longer feel it under your fingers as something foreign; it is now the wool itself. In that future universe, space and matter become one and the same. There is no longer any tension, no "heartbeat" like the one we discussed, because the heart no longer has a reason to beat. The universe has become a perfect, dry image.

Expansion, which has puzzled us for so long, will then become a mere memory. Without the "moisture" to push the boundaries, space loses its elasticity. It becomes rigid. The galaxies we see today, struggling to flee from one another, will eventually remain fixed like pebbles in concrete.

Perhaps this sounds dark, but there is a strange beauty in it. The end of Sunday is not a catastrophe; it is the achievement of perfect peace. A drying universe is actually striving to become complete. We, as tenants who found ourselves here during the afternoon hours, have the privilege of witnessing this process. We see how the "ink" still fights, how stars still ignite, but we feel that the universe is slowly, relentlessly, preparing for its rest.

When the last trace of moisture is lost, there will no longer be time as we know it. For time requires change, and a dry stain no longer changes. It simply *is*. We are perhaps the last generation of "observers" who can still catch the scent of moisture before everything becomes a silent, fixed eternity.

Part II .
THE MECHANICS – MEASURING COSMIC MOISTURE

The Language of Moisture (Translating Mathematics)

In the previous chapters, we dreamed. Now, we calculate.

When I sat at my desk and began writing the first equations, I didn't do it because I love numbers (I can guarantee that). I did it because numbers do not lie; they are the only way to verify whether my vision of the stain is merely poetry or a tangible truth about the world we inhabit.

The primary problem with modern physics is its attempt to describe everything through constants. We like to believe that gravity is the same today as it was a billion years ago. This gives us a sense of security. But in my model, that security is false.

I have introduced what physicists call a scalar field, which we will refer to in this book as the Moisture Index (Ψ). To translate this image into the language of physics, we must take a step toward precision.

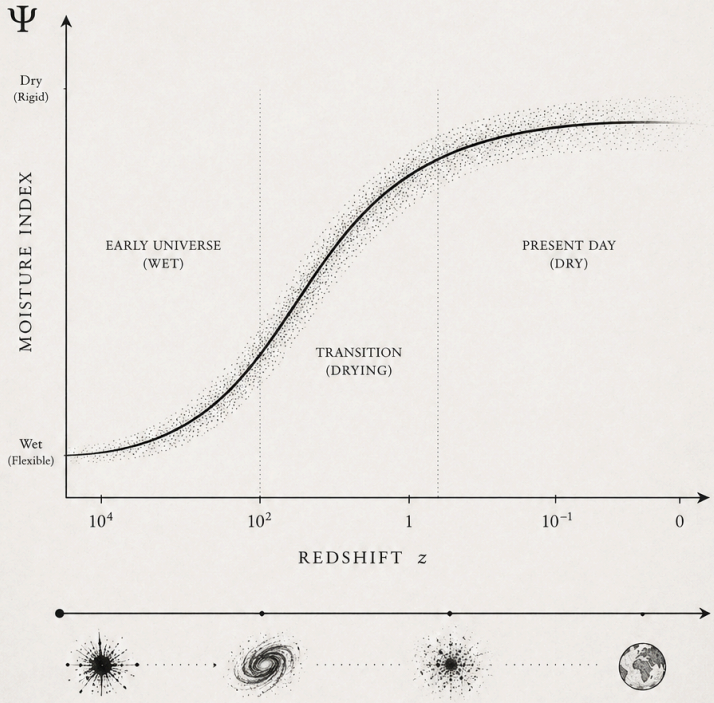
In formal terms, Ψ represents a dynamic scalar field that determines the effective gravitational interaction and the degree of space-time variability. In this model, changes in Ψ reflect the transition of the universe from a highly dynamic state toward a stabilized, nearly fixed regime.

Think of it like this: standard physics says that the "wool" of our cosmic carpet is always equally taut and firm. I argue that its firmness depends on how soaked it is with ink. While the stain was fresh and wet, the wool was soft. Gravity—that force holding the universe together—was different then. It was supple, allowing the universe to breathe and expand faster than today's laws permit.

My research focused on how this Moisture Index has changed throughout history. I used what is known as numerical integration—essentially a simulation in which we allow the universe to "perform" its drying process from the beginning until today.

The results were astonishing. When I included parameters describing a "moist" universe into the model, the discrepancy in expansion rate measurements (the Hubble tension) began to diminish naturally. The numbers started to converge.

Astronomers looking into the distant past see a "wet" universe; we here see a "dry" one. It is only logical that the results do not match—unless we account for evaporation.



COSMIC TIME
(From the first ink to the present)

Ψ = Moisture Index

A dynamic scalar field that determines the strength of gravitational interaction and the degree of space-time variability.

= Uncertainty (observational + model)

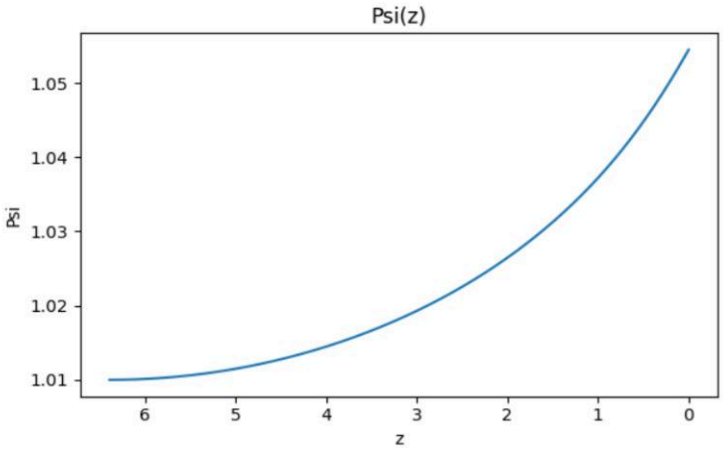
Three Phenomena of Evaporation

Every theory must have its signature. In physics, these signatures are graphs—lines that tell us where we have been and where we are going. In my work, these lines are not merely mathematical results; they are X-rays of the drying process of the cosmic stain.

1. The Moisture Index: A History of Evaporation

The first illustration of this phenomenon is the graph of our scalar field, Ψ (Psi). If you recall, this is the "moisture" that permeates the weave.

Look at the left side of the graph (high z). There, the line is low, almost horizontal. This is the era of "deep moisture," a time when the ink was fresh and the field was dynamic. As we move to the right, toward zero (which represents our present day), the line slowly rises and stabilizes. This ascent is the visual representation of evaporation. The ink loses its rebellious nature and slowly "locks" itself into the fibers of the carpet. At the zero mark, it is practically dry.

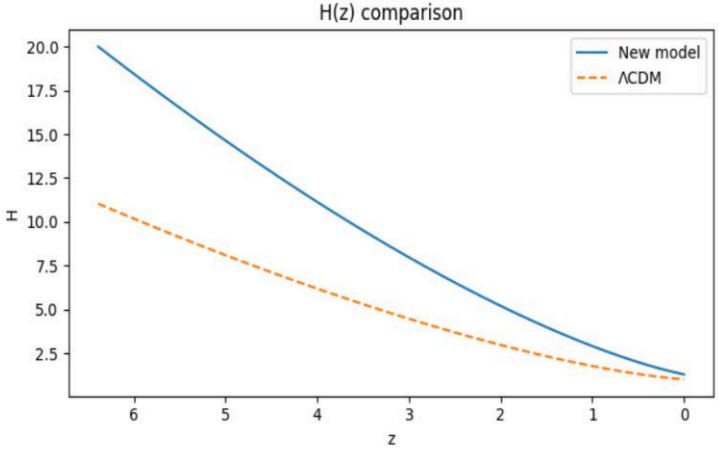


2. The Heartbeat of the Universe: A Peace Treaty

The second graph is the one that resolves the greatest conflict in modern astronomy—the problem of the differing expansion rates of the universe.

Here, you can see two lines. The dashed orange line represents the "dry" physics we were taught; it assumes the rules have been identical since the dawn of time. My solid blue line, however, soars high above it in the distant past (to the left). Why? Because a wet universe had a stronger pulse; it expanded faster because its moisture provided elasticity.

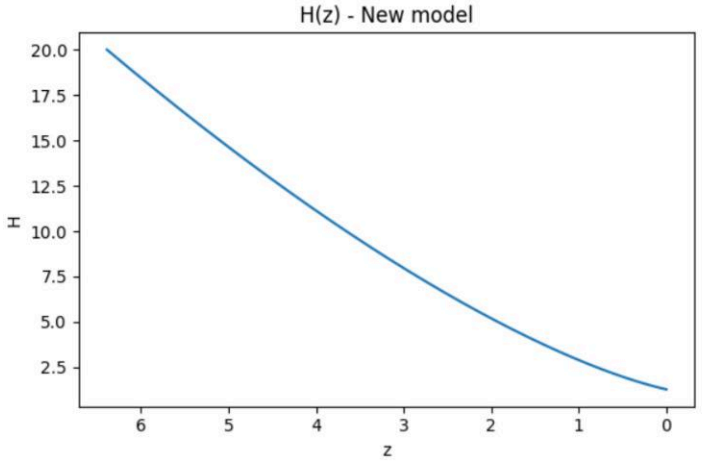
When astronomers measure the distant past, they see those high values, but they try to force them into the lower, orange line. This is why their calculations do not add up. My model (the blue line) unites these two realities into a single, logical path of drying.



3. The Architecture of Silence

The third graph illustrates the pure trajectory of my model. No comparisons, no noise from other theories.

This is the architecture of drying in its purest form. It shows how the "heartbeat" of the universe relentlessly slows down as it approaches our time. Do you see how the curve loses its sharpness and becomes smooth? This is the transition from the chaos of early moisture into the calm, long Sunday in which we live today.



These graphs are my proof that we did not fail in measuring the stars. We only failed in the assumption that the stain had always been dry.

The Cosmological Constant – The Last Drop

If you have ever watched a stain dry, you know there is that moment when everything seems finished. The ink is black, the wool is fixed, but if you press your hand against it, you still feel a slight, barely perceptible coolness. That is the last drop of moisture that has crawled deep into the pores and refuses to evaporate.

In cosmology, that last drop is the Cosmological Constant.

Scientists often call it "vacuum energy." They say that even when you remove all matter, all stars, and all people from space, there remains a strange energy that pushes the universe outward. To them, it is a constant—a number that never changes. To me, it is simply the remaining moisture.

In my model, this famous vacuum energy didn't just fall from the sky. It is the remnant of that violent scalar field, Ψ , from the beginning of our story. While the stain was wet, this energy was abundant. As it dried, most of that energy was "spent" on creating structure, on fixing the carpet, and on shaping ourselves. What we measure today as dark energy is only that small percentage of moisture that has not yet managed to evaporate.

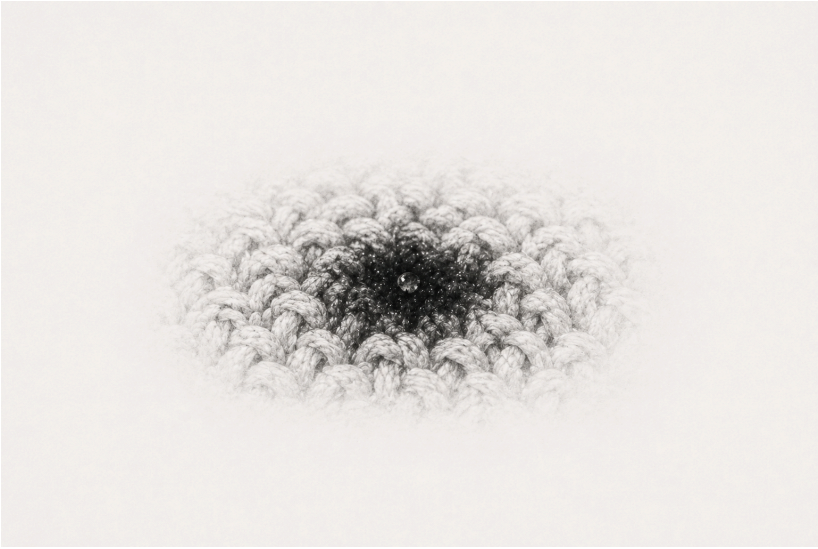
Why does this matter?

Because it tells us that the universe is not a machine running on fuel that never runs out. If the cosmological constant is actually

residual moisture, it means it has its own history and its own future. It wasn't "always there" in this form. It evolved.

When you look at my graphs, you will see that the energy value settles over time. We live in an era where this energy has become so quiet that it appears constant to us. But that is the illusion of the "Long Sunday." We are simply too short-lived to see how even this last drop, molecule by molecule, slowly surrenders to the weave of the carpet.

To admit that the cosmological constant is variable—that it is "moist"—means admitting that the universe is more alive than standard models suggest. It is the key that unlocks the door to the true nature of space.



The Great Silence and the Stretching of Threads

As ink dries, it does not simply sit still. If you have ever observed a wet stain on fabric, you have noticed the edges slowly stretching, creeping into clean fibers not yet touched.

In our universe, we call this stretching expansion.

Modern cosmologists argue over why the universe is expanding at an accelerating rate. They introduce terms like "dark energy" as if it were some invisible fuel being constantly poured into a tank. But in my room, as I looked at those graphs, I saw something else.

Expansion is not the addition of something new. Expansion is the carpet's reaction to the drying process. As the Ψ field (our ink) fixes itself and turns into solid sediment, it pulls the threads of the carpet along with it. Imagine a stain on your shirt hardening and slightly "shrinking" the fabric around it. On a cosmic scale, this "shrinking" around matter causes the empty space between them to stretch.

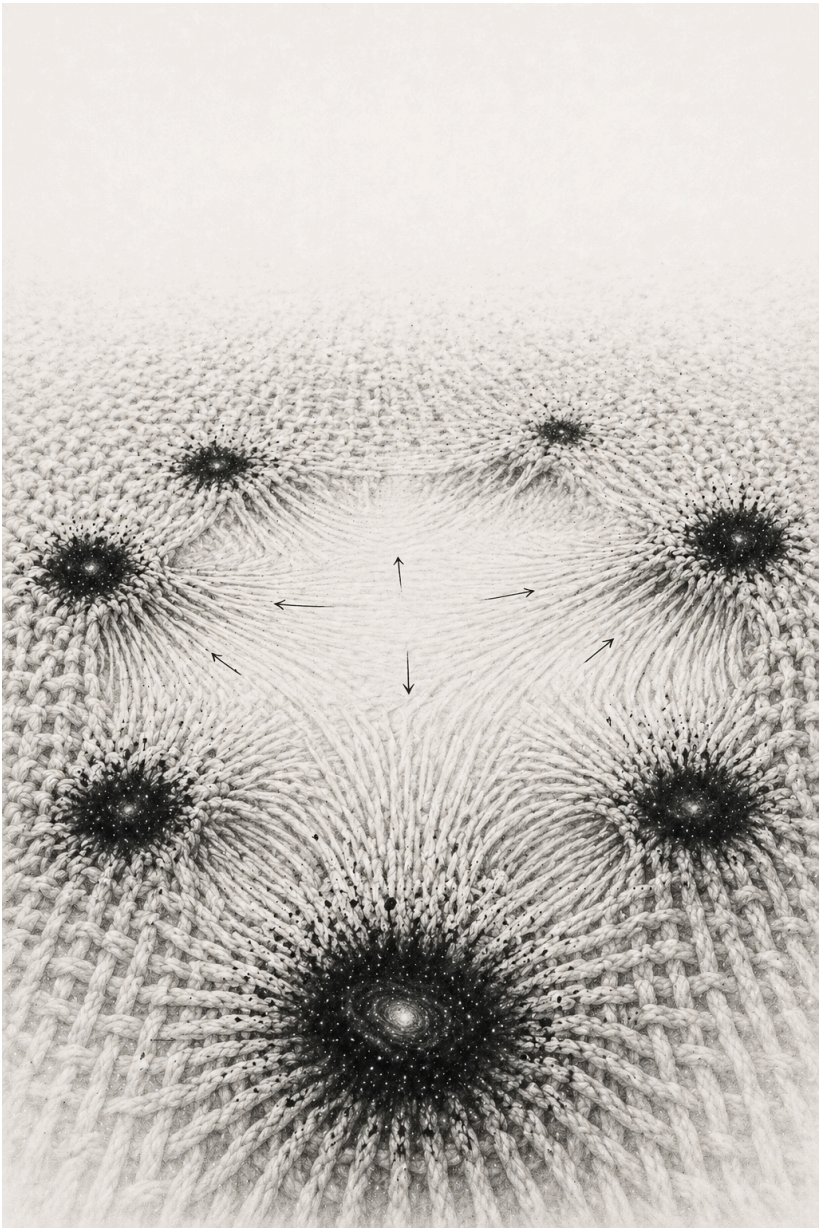
What we perceive as galaxies fleeing from one another is actually the loss of space-time's suppleness.

The universe does not expand because it is growing; it expands because it is becoming rigid. The voids—those vast "emptinesses" between galaxies—are the places where the wool of the carpet is stretched the most, because the drying of the ink in the galactic centers has pulled the fabric toward itself. This is why my model shows that expansion was different in the beginning—back then, the entire carpet was wet and elastic. Today, with so many dry stains (galaxies), the threads are taut to the breaking point.

This leads us to the Great Silence.

When the drying process is complete, the stretching will stop. Not because we ran out of fuel, but because the fabric has reached its maximum rigidity. At that moment, the universe will no longer be a "blowing balloon," but a crystallized structure. Statics.

We are witnesses to the last great twitches of that fabric. Our telescopes capture the echo of that stretching, unaware that we are observing a cosmic process of "ironing out" wrinkles that is slowly drawing to its close.



Gravity – The Grip of the Dry Stain

In standard physics, gravity is described as the curvature of space-time caused by the presence of mass and energy. In this model, that same phenomenon can be interpreted differently—as a consequence of a change in the state of space itself.

Let us attempt to look at gravity from a different angle. In a drying world, gravity is something much simpler and more relentless. It is tension.

Imagine you have spilled a little water on a piece of silk. While the silk is wet, it is heavy and limp. But as it dries, the fibers contract. The fabric becomes taut, rigid, and begins to "pull in" toward the centers where it was once wet.

This is gravity in my model. It is not a constant that fell from the sky; it is a byproduct of the drying of our Ψ field. The more moisture that has evaporated, the more tense the threads of our cosmic carpet have become. My calculations show exactly that: as energy evaporates, the space around masses becomes less and less yielding.

We do not fall toward the Earth because it "pulls" us. We slide toward it because the space around it is the "driest" and most fixed. The Earth is a large stain that long ago "locked" the wool around itself, creating a deep fold in the carpet into which we fall.

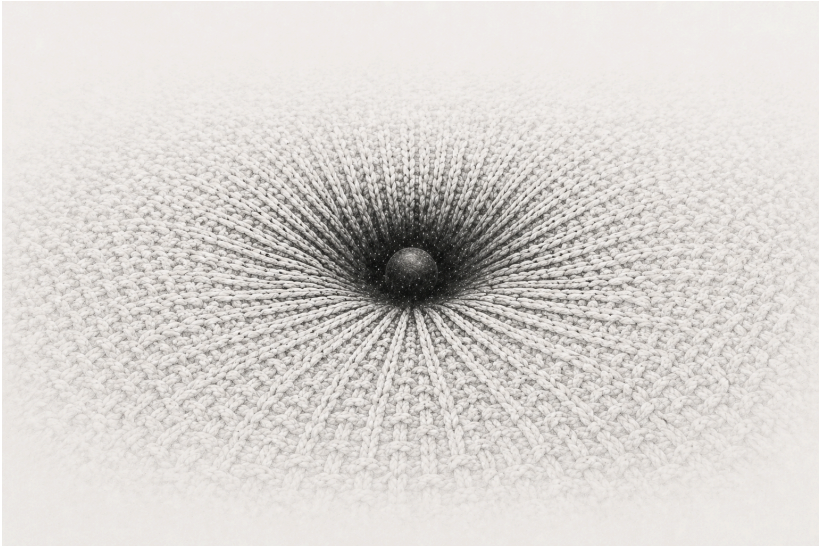
As the universe grows older, the grip becomes stronger. We live in an era where the drying process has created a structure rigid enough for us to walk, build, and exist. But that same rigidity is also our cage. The stronger gravity becomes, the more immovably we are bound to the ground.

This is the price we pay for the stability of our "Sunday." For the universe to be predictable and secure, it must become stiff. And in a rigid world, movement becomes increasingly difficult.

In mathematical terms, this change can be described through the evolution of the scalar field Ψ, which determines the effective strength of gravity over time. Although we speak of gravity as the "grip of a dry stain," behind that image lies precise numerical mechanics. In my model, this 'tension' is expressed through a simple relationship:

$$Geff = \frac{G}{\Psi}$$

In this context, “G” represents the classical gravity we are familiar with, while Ψ represents our scalar field. As the "moisture" of the universe stabilizes, the value of Ψ evolves, causing the effective gravity to gradually change over time. This is not an error in measurement; it is a change in the state of the fabric itself.



Diagnosis of a Moist Cosmos

(Mechanical Summary)

I sit in my room, sweating and excited, nervously tapping my foot against the floor. And finally, there it is. I stare at the screen where the results of the numerical integration flicker, and I realize: what I have just witnessed is not just physics. It is a diagnosis.

The science we know is the **"physics of finished things."** It deals with what is already dry, fixed, and measurable. But my model attempts to capture the universe in the very moment it is still *becoming*.

What does my conclusion lead us to?

- **First, we have learned that constants do not exist.** They are merely an illusion caused by our brief stay in this "Long Sunday." Gravity, the rate of expansion, vacuum energy—these are all variables that depend on how much ink remains in the wool of the carpet.

- **Second, we have solved the Hubble puzzle.** The discrepancy in measurements of the universe's expansion was not an error in our instruments, but in our thinking. The instruments were telling the truth: the universe once expanded faster because it was moister. Only when we introduced the evaporation factor did the blue and orange lines on my graph finally shake hands.

- **Third, and most importantly:** we have realized that matter is simply a fixed state of energy. We are not separate from space; we are the knots formed by the drying of the ink.

Now that we have closed the hood and put away the tools, only one question remains. If the universe is a process slowly solidifying, what does that mean for our spirit, our purpose, and what we call "free will"? If we are merely tenants who moved into an apartment while the paint was still drying, what will become of us when the walls turn completely solid?

It is time to leave the laboratory and step out into the light of the afternoon sun.

Part III .

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FIXATION

Dancing in the Semi-Dry
(The Question of Freedom)

If we accept that the universe is drying and fixing itself, we must ask: what does this mean for those of us within it who think and choose?

For centuries, science has tried to convince us of two extremes. One claims we are entirely free, the masters of our own destiny. The other, colder view, claims we are merely meat machines, determined by laws of physics set in motion long ago. My model offers a third path, one hidden within the moisture.

Freedom, as we imagine it, requires "room to move." In a completely wet universe—the one at the beginning of my graphs—freedom was absolute but meaningless; everything was so fluid that nothing could hold its shape. In a completely dry universe—that crystallized end we spoke of—freedom is impossible; everything is fixed into the weave, like a fossil in stone.

We, the tenants of Sunday, have the privilege of living in the **semi-dry**.

Our "free will" is actually a dance within that brief window of time while the ink has not yet fully hardened. We feel we can choose because the threads around us still possess a shred of elasticity. We can move, we can change direction, but we also feel that slight resistance—the grip of gravity and time growing steadily stronger.

What does this mean for our responsibility? It means that every choice we make is actually an act of "fixing" our own trajectory. Every time we make a decision, we pour a drop of our intention into the drying stain. As long as there is moisture, there is hope that the image can change. But my model warns us: the cosmic clock ticks toward silence. Our room for maneuver is slowly shrinking.

Perhaps free will is not an absolute power, but a limited gift. A gift we possess only until the Sunday sun hangs low. We are not the masters of the entire carpet, but we are artists who can still draw a few lines before the canvas dries completely.

That is why what we do now matters. Because what we choose today becomes part of the eternal, dry texture of the universe tomorrow. Our freedom is precious precisely because it is—fleeting.

Memory – The Solidified Past

If the universe is a drying process, then time is actually the measure of that evaporation. But what, then, is the past? Why do we remember it, and why is it so motionless compared to a future that seems so “liquid”?

In my model, the answer is simple: the past is the part of the stain that is already dry.

Memory is not just a function of our brain; it is an echo of the fixation of space itself. Imagine observing the path of a drop trickling down a carpet. While it moves, it is wet and unstable. But as soon as it passes, it leaves a trail behind that immediately begins to bind to the wool. What we call the "past" is actually the threads of the carpet that ink and time have already "locked."

This is why the past cannot be changed. Not because there is some cosmic law forbidding it, but because it is, mechanically—dry. Trying to change the past is like trying to reshape hardened ink without destroying the fabric itself. It is impossible.

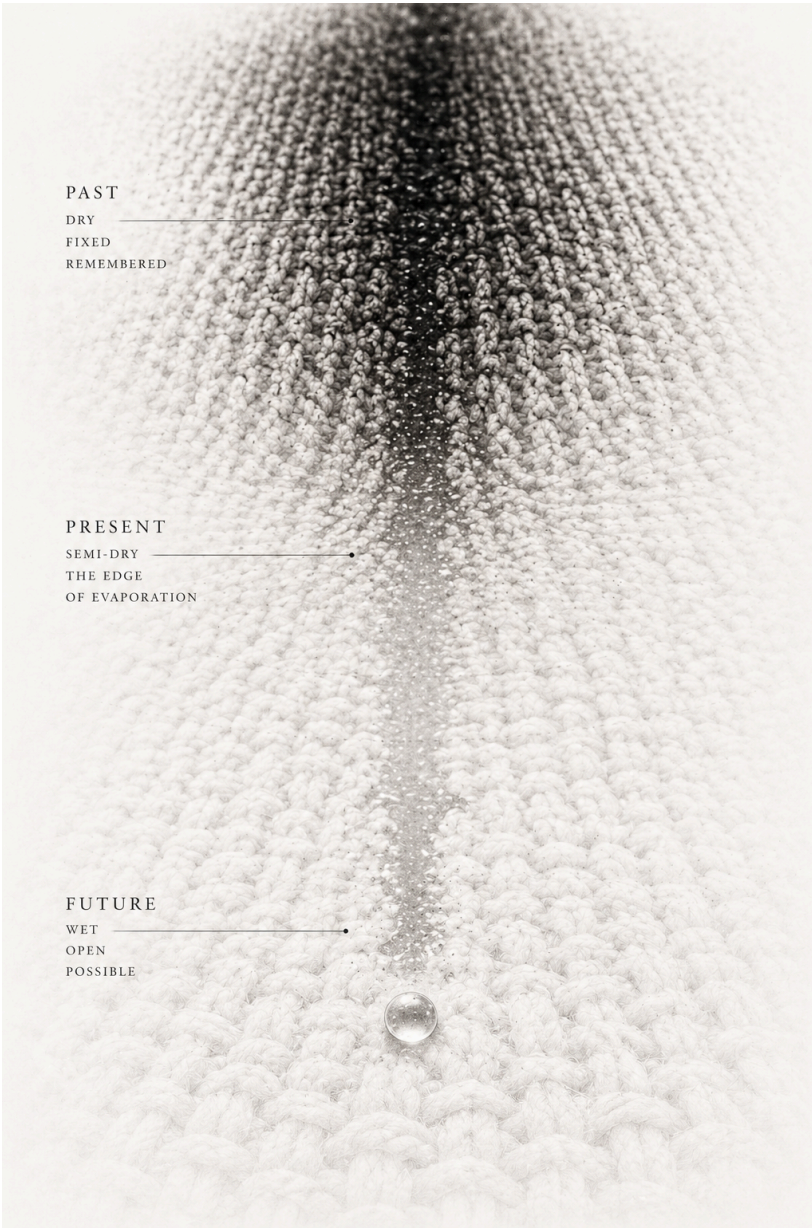
On the other hand, the future seems uncertain to us because there, the wool is still clean, and the ink is still traveling. In that realm, the drying process is only just beginning. We live on that thin line of demarcation—on the very edge of evaporation.

What does this mean for us as human beings?

It means that every moment of ours is actually an act of "crystallization." We do not pass through time like travelers through a tunnel; we are active participants in the process of turning supple, moist possibility into solid, dry fact. Every breath we take is a moment in which one more thread of wool is fixed for eternity.

When we look back, we are actually looking at the architecture of the universe that has achieved its final peace. Memory is our window into the parts of the carpet that have already become "stone."

Perhaps that is precisely the reason we feel nostalgia—it is a longing for that moisture and suppleness we had at the beginning, before the drying process made us this defined, but also this motionless.


PAST
DRY
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THE EDGE
OF EVAPORATION
FUTURE
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POSSIBLE

Carpet Time and Our Limited Senses

As exhaustion overcomes me in this quiet Makarska night, I realize the paradox of our existence. We desperately try to catch the "present moment"—that moist spot on the carpet—not realizing that our past is actually still here; it has merely changed its state.

A trip to the cinema from a week ago, the smile of a loved one, or a painful goodbye... none of that has evaporated into nothingness. Those events have become the reinforcement, the rebar of our world. They have hardened. They are now part of "Carpet Time"—that eternal structure which our senses, calibrated only for moisture, cannot recognize.

We are like the blind touching dry paint on a wall and saying, "There is nothing here," simply because the paint no longer stains our fingers.

But the mechanism exists. It is written in the weave of the wool and in the way the ink has permeated it. My search for the scalar field Ψ is, in truth, an attempt to see through this illusion of transience. If we understand how the fabric tightens as it dries, if we understand why gravity clinches around our memories, then we cease to be mere tenants. We become those who understand the blueprint of the building in which they live.

The universe is not a river that flows; the universe is a stain that spreads and fixes. And us? We are the conscious part of that stain which, in a moment of weariness, is but a step away from touching the very eternity of the fabric.

Returning to the Room (Conclusion)

The sun slowly sets over Makarska, casting long shadows across the room where it all began. I look at that stain on the carpet—the small, dark spot that triggered an avalanche of questions. Now, as I close the pages of this work, I see it differently. It is no longer just a moment of carelessness with ink; it is a miniature universe that has whispered its greatest secret to me.

We began with a simple analogy: the universe dries like ink on fabric. But as we traveled through equations, graphs, and the silence of the "Long Sunday," we realized something much greater. We realized that we live in a rare, precious moment of cosmic history—an era of semi-dry suppleness.

My theory of the scalar field Ψ and variable gravity is not here merely to resolve astronomical disputes. It is here to remind us of our role. We are witnesses to a transition. We are beings who have the privilege of feeling both the "moisture" of possibility and the "rigidity" of memory at the exact same time.

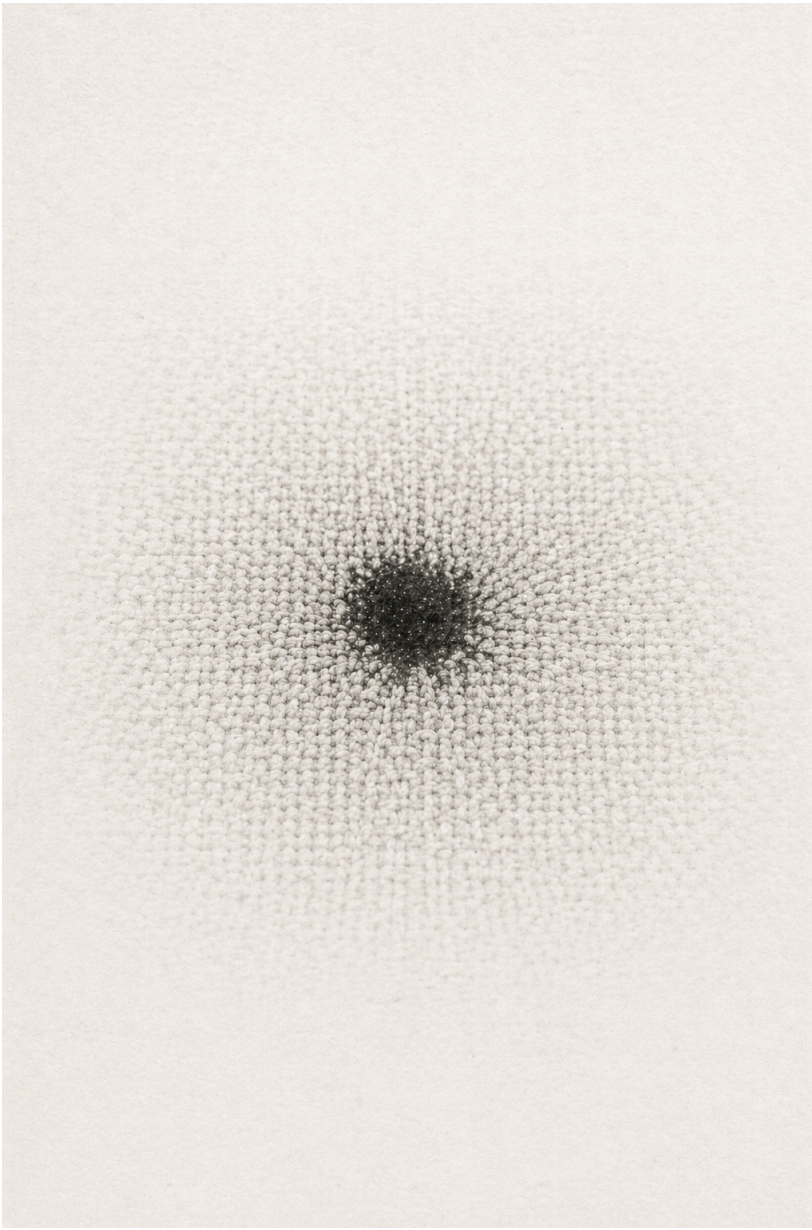
What awaits us when everything finally dries? Science predicts coldness and emptiness. But my model suggests something else: perfect structure. A universe that has dried completely is not dead; it is complete. It is a painting that is finally finished, a book where every letter is fixed upon the paper.

We are currently in the middle of writing that book. Our thoughts, our movements, and our loves are the inks permeating the wool right now.

I leave my desk with a sense of peace. The Hubble tension, dark energy, gravitational constants... these are all just names for different phases of the same magnificent drying process. The universe is not a hostile machine; it is a weave that is slowly settling.

The next time you look at the night sky, do not see only cold stars in empty space. See the threads tightening. See the great stain fixing itself into eternity. And remember that you, just like I in this room, are part of that unique, moist, vibrant dance we call life.

The stain is drying. But the story has only just begun.



Reality Test: What Confirms and What Refutes the Model?

Every idea in science, no matter how intuitive or mathematically elegant, must stand before the mirror of reality. My "Drying Universe" model is no exception. To be entirely honest with the reader, I present here the clear criteria by which my theory can be measured.

(+) Signals in Favor of the Model:

- **Persistence of the Hubble Tension:** If the discrepancy in measurements of the universe's expansion rate (between the early and late cosmos) continues to be confirmed by new instruments, it could indicate the existence of additional dynamics in the early universe, as predicted by this model.

- **Variable Dark Energy:** If we discover that dark energy is not a fixed number, but that its strength decreases as the universe ages, it would align with the idea of gradual energy evolution, which this model interprets as "evaporation."

- **Discovery of Gravitational Anomalies:** Any data suggesting that the gravitational constant “G” was not the

same 10 billion years ago as it is today would be a powerful indicator in favor of this model.

(–) Signals that Would Refute the Model:

- **Perfect Stability of Constants:** If precise measurements confirm that physical constants—particularly gravity—have remained absolutely unchanged throughout the entire history of the universe, the fundamental premise of this model would be undermined.

- **CMB Without Variations:** If data from the Cosmic Microwave Background (CMB) leaves no room for initial "suppleness" (a high value of the Ψ field), the model would be seriously called into question.

- **Mathematical Contradiction:** As I am still working on the full derivation of certain equations, it is possible that a mathematical obstacle may emerge in the future, requiring a radical modification or abandonment of the model.

It is essential to emphasize that this model does not attempt to replace existing theories, but rather to offer an alternative interpretation within the existing mathematical framework. Its value depends solely on whether it can explain observations as well as, or better than, the standard model.

CONCLUSION

In closing this story, we return to where it all began—to an ordinary stain on a carpet.

Throughout this book, I have tried to show that perhaps the universe is not merely a collection of immutable laws that have existed forever, but a process. A process in which something that was once dynamic, volatile, and "moist" gradually stabilizes into the structure we call reality today.

The model I have presented does not claim to replace existing physics, nor does it claim to provide final answers. Instead, it proposes a different way of looking at the same equations—a way in which gravity, time, and energy are the results of the evolution of space itself, rather than preordained constants.

Despite this, this approach offers several important advantages:

- **A Unified Interpretation:** It provides a singular lens through which gravity, time, and energy are linked via a single common process.
- **Intuitive Framework:** It offers a framework that allows us to understand complex cosmic phenomena through the simple imagery of the universe's evolving state.
- **Resolving Tensions:** It opens up space to explain existing observational discrepancies without the need to introduce radically new entities outside the current theoretical framework.

If this interpretation is wrong, nature will, sooner or later, reveal it through observation. But if there is even a grain of truth within it, then it would mean that the universe is not something that simply *is*, but something that is *becoming*.

And we, as its observers, perhaps live in the exact moment when this story is nearing its peaceful, nearly dry conclusion.

And perhaps, one day, someone will look at our universe and see—not laws, but the traces of a process that has just finished.

APPENDIX:
Mathematical Foundations of the Model

The full mathematical framework and calculations supporting this model are hosted at the following link (which is regularly updated with new versions, data, and simulations):

DOI
https://doi.org/10.5281/zenodo.19672877

While other scientists explore similar approaches to physics, to my knowledge, none have yet defined a clear direction as to where these processes lead. By sharing this model with the world, I hope that others will recognize its potential and contribute their expertise and insights to its further development.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Josip Zenčić was born and resides in Makarska, Croatia. Although not a professional physicist by trade, he has dedicated years to deep research in cosmology and numerical modeling of the universe outside the confines of official academia. His work is rooted in a search for the intuitive logic that connects everyday experience with the most complex laws of physics.

He is the author of a scientific paper published on the **Zenodo** platform, which serves as the mathematical foundation for the theses presented in this book. *Tenants of the Long Sunday* is his first foray into literature, through which he seeks to bridge the gap between rigorous science and the philosophical quest for meaning—proving that the solutions to the greatest cosmic puzzles are sometimes hidden in the silence of a Sunday afternoon.